Further I say, and further will maintaine,
Vpon his bad life to make all this good,
That he did plotte the Duke of Glosters death,
Suggest his soone beleeuing aduersaries,
And consequently like a Traitour Coward,
Sluc'te out his innocent soule through streames of blood
Which blood, like sacrificing *Abels*, cries,
Euen from the tongueless Cauerns of the earth,
To me for iustice, and rough chastisement:
And by the glorious worth of my discent,
This arme shall do it, or this life be spent.

King. How high a pitch his resolution soares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what sayst thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this slaunder of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foule a lyer.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares;
Were he my Brother; nay, my kingdomes Heire,
As he is but my fathers brothers Sonne,
Now by Scepters awe I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearenes to our sacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vnstooping firmenesse of my vpright soule:
He is our subiect Mowbray, so art thou,
Free speech and fearelesse I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat thou liest:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburst I to his highnesse Souldiers;
The other part reseru'd I, by consent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere account,
Since last I went to *France* to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lie. For Glocesters death:
I slew him not, but to mine owne disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case:
For you my noble Lord of Lancaster,

The honourable Father to my fo
Once did I lay an ambush for you
A trespasse that doth vexe my gri
Ah, but ere I last receiu'd the Sac
I did confesse it, and exactly bege
Your Graces pardon, and I hope
This is my fault; as for the rest a
It issues from the rancour of a V
A recreant and most degenerate T
Which in my selfe I boldly will de
And enterchangeably hurle down
Vpon this ouerweening Traitors
To prooue my selfe a loyall Gent
Euen in the best blood chambred
In hast whereof, most hartily I pr
Your highnesse to assigne our tr

King. Wrath kindled Gentle
Lets pvrge this choler without le
This we prescribe, though no Pl
Deepe malice makes too deepe i
Forget, forgiue; conclude, and b
Our Doctors say, this is no mont
Good Vncle, let this end where
Weele calme the Duke of *Norfo*

Gaunt. To be a make-peace,
Throw downe (my sonne) the D

King. And Norfolke, throw d

Gaunt. When *Harrie*, when? o
Obedience bids I should not bi

King. Norfolke, throw downe

Mow. My selfe I throw (drea
My life thou shalt commaund, b
The one my dutie owes; but m
Despight of death that liues vp
To darke Dishonors vse, thou
I am disgraste, impeacht, and ba
Pierst to the soule with slaunde
The which no balme can cure, b

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22312) LONDON, 1615 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA